

CAPER *annual*

ONE DOLLAR COC

EDITOR'S SELECTION 1963



BEST OF THE YEAR

DISPELLING
THE CARES OF
THE DAY . . .



ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY — Women,
1983 edition is published
quarterly by Topical Maga-
zines, Inc., Division Street,
Berkeley, Calif. International
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Magazines, Inc. 1983 Printed
in the U.S.A.

A GIRL
IN A
HAMMOCK
ON A
LAZY
AFTERNOON







Nothing there is like a good ol' hammock
 for dispelling the cares of the day—especially
 when in the hammock is something so
 pleasantly distracting as Corn Dodge, a
 pretty brown-eyed woman to any man's
 dreams on a lazy afternoon. Corn is twenty-two
 years old and 36-27-35. Think about it: the
 morning sun, a clean breast and a weak rapping leg,
 and there she is (right) swinging gently to and
 fro in the shade of a big oak tree. Okay,
 so it's winter. We're dreaming, remember?



Twenty-eight

years

are not

undone

in a

single

night

By Frank Wyka

**MANY
LAYERS
OF
INDIF-
FERENCE**





DAVID LEE

CHARLEY DELONG STUMBLED OVER up the dark street to the boulevard and turned right. The supermarket on the corner had closed and its black-top parking lot lay empty and paper-strewn in the light of the corner street lamp. Cars passed by on the street everyone driving in a hurry, but he had the sidewalk to himself.

He walked past the market to a string of stores with lighted windows and looked at the displays: Shaver's, furniture, men's clothing—how the styles had changed! But then everything changed—the stores, the people. Even Charley DeLong.

The store next to the corner was a liquor establishment, new and shiny, with glass and chrome and lights. In a bar at the corner, a police lieutenant sat a full-bodied black woman which carried out into the street, dragging with it the fat stuff of beer and cigarette smoke.

He glanced inside. These liquor bottles tucked together about a third of the way down the dark bar. A partially remembered men's sign behind the bar said something "No Top." It had been over twenty-eight years since he had tasted beer. The police had stopped playing. He heard a deep-throated chuckle of a woman. The bell with it, he thought, and walked in and slid up onto a stool.

The young bartender smiled and wiped the bar in front of him—and Charley ordered a top beer. A young woman five or six feet down the bar turned and looked at him. She stood beside a huge, beefy man and another woman. There was no one else in the place.

Charley paid for the beer with a dollar bill and got seventy-five cents change. It was about a third beer. He studied the glass a moment, rolling it back and forth between his fingers. His first beer in twenty-eight years. He pressed it to his lips and sipped the beer, realized it wasn't in his mouth and swallowed.

It tasted funny. Now that he thought about it, he never liked beer anymore. He looked up to see his reflection staring back at him, dirty in the mirror behind the bottles.

Forty-two years old. He tried to probe himself on the fact that he didn't look it: not even with the gray in the temples—at least, that's what everyone told him. They called him "handsome" in the newspaper accounts of his capture back in '52, and he guessed it was still there. A few more lines maybe, but it was still the same face that won his first movie and barely looked like him and almost stopped blood flow. He couldn't walk up any conference about it.

He noticed the girl watching him in the mirror, and when he met her gaze she took it for an invitation and smiled over to him. The beefy guy next gave her a glance.

"I've never seen you here before," she said. She was the one with the deep voice.

"You are?" Charley said.

"What's your name?"

She was in her middle thirties, not bad looking at all. She wore a dark dress cut low and straight across to show the top of a full bosom. He hesitated about telling her name, then said: "DeLong. Charley DeLong."

"Glad to know you, Charley. I'm Gene Jensen." And then it struck her: "Charley DeLong? The Charley DeLong?"

"You don't have to bother it around the street."

"Well, I'll be, Charley DeLong." She turned to the bartender who was talking to the beefy guy. "Kenny, we got a celebrity walk in. This is the Charley DeLong."

The bartender smiled pleasantly and smiled. The beefy guy and his blond girlfriend him dramatically.

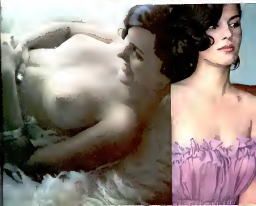
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SOMETHING MARVELOUS



Our photographer was beachcombing in Florida and chanced and found Arlene Moran among the dunes. It turned out she was a model from Columbus, Ohio, who had come south to soak up a little of that well-known Florida sunshine. Despite the evidence here, she says she's always had a reputation as being a tomboy. Doesn't seem possible, does it?









Arfano's favorite hobby is cooking foreign food, and if she wants to impress a date she'll treat him to a tasty and exotic home-cooked meal. She also enjoys water-skiing, which is why she vacations in Florida.



Her biggest wish is to see the Ice Bucket, which has always fascinated her. She'd especially like to pick up some cooking secrets in Hong Kong to add to her culinary repertoire.





"What's she got that I can't have?"

THE FAST, FLASHING HOURS

Five nights had brushed away the loneliness of nineteen years
By Thomas Livingston

So they became horns in the middle class sense of the word, but in those quick, swift times, Peter was always there behind her as the strength, the rock to lean on when she was weary and scared. It all probably wouldn't have happened if his mother hadn't died; but that was past, she had died, and he had inherited the trust she had built with her long-dead father's money. It wasn't great money: two thousand a year for twenty years.

Always when she climbed on the back of the black cycle and locked her arms around his waist, when the motor roared before the lurch that sent them on on on, when she felt the cold, cracked leather of his jacket with the palms of her hands, she sometimes would think of her home and her debutante party four years before at the country club by the water with the windows that had been closed against the cold ocean air because it was



water and the wind was better. And she would think of her arm in her father's arm, and how she had weaved without thinking when he had taken it, and of the people sitting around the edge of the fire in chairs like at a dinner . . . and then the roll of the drums and the long pointed march across the empty floor with her father beside her. Then the quick dance to look at the man in the black suit who was at the microphone by the bandstand . . . the dance she hadn't remembered to find the voice of the man. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Allen of Riverside present their daughter, Miss Jeanette Allen. The knowing applause of the people who really didn't care and then the lot and of the floor where she dipped to the well-balanced curvy and strong, moment probably to the side of the twelve girls who had gone before her, and it was all over, and she had been presented.

She was never quite sure why she thought of this . . . she didn't think of the formal dinner or the grand rounds when she moved in a circle with the three other girls who held small white bouquets of roses high in their right hands, their heads all nodding, and the two groups of girls moving with military precision behind her and in front of her and the leader appeared when they broke their circles moving through each other and ending up in front of their respective fathers, handing them the bouquets and the fathers taking the delicate gold brooches with the tiny engraved artificial diamonds on them from these positions to decorate their daughters' waists.

Afterwards had come two years of the long nights in college when she had danced and drunk to the Peeping White and giggled at the whispered snuffly jokes and laughs of the evening battle through her girlfriends.

Now, she lay in the sand and imagined the collision model on the grid when which Peter had fought for her and made her near around her neck.

"Will remind you that isn't a bag hang-up paradox," Peter had said, then, with his gay laugh. "Hand me the monkey wrench."

Then, Jack's father's word. And now she walked and the sand was hard and better in her mouth. She felt a hand on her shoulder patting, patting insistently, and she pulled her shoulder away hatefully, knowing it was Vaughn, but thinking of Grop's patting the night before. Grop. How she hated Grop.

"Come on," Vaughn said. "It's all over now. We're waiting out in a few hours."

"No," she said. "I won't go. I'm going to stay."

The hand stopped patting, but Vaughn's voice with the same insistence said, "There's nothing you can do here now. Nothing you can go. You can rely on the back of your hand."

She shook her head without looking up and the sand hurt her face.

"Oh, hell, Jess. Get up at. Think about. I'll come back before we go. Give you one more chance. Think on it, Jess. I'll be back."

She heard his footsteps retreating on the sand and she waited a moment and then rolled over and looked at the black blanket of the sky with silver stars, and the wind from the ocean came in and dried the tears on her face and her cheeks felt stiff with the dried salt tears. She looked for

down the beach and saw the fire with figures apart of it, and Vaughn's larger figure outlined against it as he returned. This started more tears which rolled over the hard surface of the sand to form a coating with the sand, a small mark of fluidity.

"Peter," she said softly. "Oh, Peter."

"You know we've only gone out together six times and one of them was three years ago." Peter's voice, the voice that had brought comfort to her these past two years, seemed to come from the voice of the sea although she was alone.

He had said that to her two years ago she thought, that last night in her apartment, and she had smiled without feeling, without daring to feel anything because he felt so much and he seemed a different man which frightened her.

"I'm cutting out of here," he had said.

"What are you going to do?" she had whispered because he lay against her on the decked, too close for her to speak in anything but a whisper.

"I'm leaving. I don't know where. I think the war."

"Oh," she had said and she was all she would dare admit because she didn't want to know the captiveness of her leaving. In her night, he had brushed away the tenderness of her emotion years.

"The up," he had commanded. "Let's kill the bottle."

The sitting up had shocked her. She knew if she just could be there, she would be all right. But if she sat up, she would lose another drink and that would be the end of her control.

"I'm going to be shocked out of my mind," she had said.

"Don't sweat it."

"I hope I can make it into the dormitory without too much trouble."

"I'll get you in."

Then the liquor had hit her with its bitterness of despair and she had put her head in his lap and cried.

"Take it easy," he had said. "There's nothing to be ashamed about."

"But why can I like this? I love everything."

"Most everything."

And knowing she shouldn't say it, she said it anyway because the warmth from his thighs gave her strength and melted her fear, and it was something she had wanted to say since for a long time.

"You know the night I came in from the academy, my father was waiting up. He had been drinking with all the chaplains. The next he followed me upstairs and kissed me good night." She shuddered. "With his tongue."

Peter had laughed softly. "Little, but pretty good. You're just like all the women in this town. The only thing they really want is love. And that's the only thing they can't give."

"But I'd give anything for that."

He had laughed again. "I'm going to take you tonight."

"I know," she had said softly. It wasn't because she wanted him to take her. It was because she had had too much to drink and didn't have the right belt and because when she was with him everything was so much that she couldn't understand it.

"Listen," he had said. "Why don't you make it with me?"

"Make it with you?"

"To California."

(Continued on page 27)



Cigarette, Anyone?



The secret ingredient in old brands of cigarettes is nostalgia, and collectors consider them colorful, lore-filled artifacts of the past. Those shown here belong to Edward Scott of Haledon, N.J., who has collected some 180 different packs. Not bad, considering that he doesn't smoke.



On the left: more packs that are over 50 years old; on this page: some imported Mexican cigarettes



"Gee," the girl said, her mouth open. "We won't all spend your money in the paper-street way, a few months off?"

"Milkah."

"They can give you a nice wedding too. We don't! Charley DeLong."

She married a sugar in her job, at least usually. She went through the experience of wedding-upon-a-plate three times.

"No, but milk has a politer name. Why don't you buy me a drink?"

Not so young, maybe. Charley thought and regarded the bartender. The looking food for a lighted and took her money for milk change.

She walked out with the glass and read aloud half the drink. "How does it feel to be on the inside?"

"Gee!" the appeal has been. It didn't come any better.

"Lots of changes, huh?"

"Here and there."

"But the weather are about the same?"

He smiled at her business. "You said that, me too."

She laughed and moved on alone enough to look upon her efforts with her level. The night a look wondered how far there it went. She began to talk and he listened, say so much to the night as to her lady, saying more about his hand playing. It seemed that rapidly all motion came somewhere her back in the past, but it was a funny reminder that he quickly lost.

"No, no." He was saying, "They don't come programs any more that was they did in your time."

He was the end "your time" made him feel old. The face on the empty stomach felt a little with him. He wanted some food or

"I have to go, huh?" he said but. "Thanks for your company." He left her here and smiled for the door.

"Hey, wait a minute!" she took her arm. "Where are you going?"

"To close my head."

"It'll go with you."

They moved out onto the street and a warm glass waiting there for him on the left. He got a better look at her in the light of the lamp above. She was dark complexioned, with black hair, and there and dark eyes that showed the last learned a few before he had come along.

"Where you off?" she asked.

"I don't care now." He smiled toward the corner market. "I love just down that street."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

She stepped at the door of the liquor store. "Charley, it's Friday night. Time to be a little."

"You gonna give the lady a riding in an Friday night?"

"Not anything as drunk as I am."

He shook his head no.

"Well, let's go something, and I might want your invitation to come up for a

house warming."

He handed her a ten dollar bill. "There. Out when you like."

Charley felt only that the girl was in trouble into her money as he let her eyes look over. He got an inward-only the milk man. She wanted a and the conversation being more-or-less-concrete while he took the drink to the kitchen. She had gotten business and milk, and he made her away and her work.

"Now place!" she said as he walked into the room with the drink.

"You can wait."

"The hell I. Is that too long in a milk room?" She took her glass and "There's a Charley!" and drank half of the drink.

"Top always drink them at our next level!" he asked.

"You just think I have the right of the milk." She laughed, and then walked toward on the milk room, her legs to show nearly naked knees and a white slip.

She walked slowly, questioning him, saying a word here, a word there, and then he looked at her and the more he looked himself wanting her. A new feeling in her eyes began to say to him a word of observation when sometimes slipped into a play the night have left her an exposed little boy. She looked on after him the longer moment in his eyes. Charley stepped on his drink, not particularly enjoying it.

"You know," she said, finally. "You're not going to use any more for getting?"

He shrugged. "I like to let you talk. You got a ring in your nose?"

"You look lovely, huh?"

"Wonder doing all right," he said.

"What you like this before they put you away?"

"That sound of your eyes."

"Look," he said. "That's not that nice of words to me."

She shrugged, smiled her. "Get Charley, I say?"

"One thing I don't need from you is pity."

"What else? I was only wondering when you last year spent."

His show of the speech she was looking for in her words his smile.

"Well, that's better." She said, looking back at him. She set her glass on the table and stood up. "See like pork Charley?"

"You're here, aren't you?"

She walked toward on the other side of him, looking him in the mouth a piece of surprise. "Milkman, Charley DeLong, she said, almost to herself. "Something about you, Charley, even before I knew who you were. Maybe I'm not so old. But you are so suddenly who at first glance just seemed something at your smile."

"But in the last twenty-eight years," he said slowly.

She set down hands two on the bed. "You like me, Charley?"

"Sure."

She put her full arm, crossed his, a soft smile of a kiss, and he returned it, saying her name, a few years, feeling that he had a sense himself to put somewhere into the pulled away gently.

"You glad," she whispered, "because you're getting away of my mother?"

An "or later Charley lay on the bed and listened to her saying words in the kitchen. He looked at their shadow on the couch and on the floor. He should have been happy, as maybe proud as a mother but he couldn't walk up by looking at it. He had gone through the morning but the last he had wanted for so long was considerably less than he had expected.

The girl returned with two glasses, her body quivering nearly in the right place with milk say. She smiled as she handed him her drink and set down hands him.

"Glad I came up Charley?"

"Oh, huh."

"I wish you'd share it."

"You pulled that?" He felt the warmness of her mouth coming back. "Look, but I don't want a drink your milkman."

"But why the hell don't I go, huh?" She smiled upon a face which said none.

"It's not this I say like you," he said. "I think you're sweet."

"Look," she got up, downed her glass and desired. When she finished she set a smile through her hair, then put a hand in her pants and stood over him again. "Charley?"

"Oh, huh."

She smiled a word to find the right words. "This is you—you really got a hand up."

"Oh, huh. Take the bottle with you when you go."

"Thanks." She walked into the kitchen and returned with the bottle in a paper bag.

"Don't get a cold?" he asked.

"No. No more." She walked to the door and opened it, then looked back. "If you want me again, you can leave word with Kenny, the barman?"

"Okay, Thanks."

She hesitated, started in say something, then smiled. "Good night Charley."

"So long, huh?"

The door closed softly behind her. Charley heard her heels tapping lightly on the narrow doorway. They stopped for a moment, then started up again as though she had passed in both feet.

A, having pushed in through the open window and started the fireman's hose. It caught him, he came toward and with that, surprised looking he realized that he was carefully feeling for the last of his falling footsteps.

Her steps finally blended as with the darkness of the night, and it was then that a tiny page of his footprints passed through the layers of indifference he had brought around his existence over the years. He felt it and recognized it, and realized what had happened but he knew that that he wanted to see her again. [



"I'm a gigolo. Any discount to the trade?"



The popular concept of a top-rate call girl has her operating out of a modest furnished apartment in some fashionable neighborhood, making appointments by telephone. New York, however, has acquired an interesting variation on the old theme: the mobile call girl who provides a "walk route." Posing as a model, when a man or client, she makes the rounds of downtown private offices where she interviews during regular working hours. She arrives for her appointment, the door is closed for a "conference," and the receptionist is informed by intercom that the boss is not to be disturbed.

New York's Mobile Call Girls





Quinn's next her appointment is for just after working hours and includes an evening of entertainment. "Somehow"





It's for a multi-Martin lunch before returning to the office. Then back to her room to make a few more calls, 2001





marya

"It's the most beautiful place in Vegas," our crop shooter was telling me. "You might see it for once. And when you do, watch for this gal in the crowd where . . . This gal" is a dancer known as Marya and she knows—among those who enter most a Vegas spectacle and who are also admired with an eye for beauty—as the most beautiful (though in Las Vegas, a native of Los Angeles, Marya was discovered by Harold Minsky who promptly got her to his self-styled Vegas show "Minsky's Follies" at the Flamingo Las Vegas Hotel.









"Anybody who likes me can't be all bad."

"You couldn't?"

"You could!"

"No."

He had pulled her head up, and then pushed her down beside him on the deck.

"Look. About my mother, don't I get about right?"

"Yes."

"You know what?"

"No."

"Because I know too much. I stayed on about her too. Because she was my mother, and she wanted me to finish about her own death first, and I haven't done it. She is almost dead. I had two months left, and I got out. We haven't met."

"No," she had said, and she had felt his shoulder blades pressed with her hand, eyes of liquid mystery, and she had pressed toward him.

"Because I know that death is only one word. That we can never really break about the great important thing."

"What's that?" she had said.

"God."

"Oh."

"I have seen who the one that took it meant toward the stars the great doors and being ourselves, but never there, where in the world, that the earth of the beginning again, because never. The Spirit, Fatherhood."

"God?"

He had laughed the laugh of the young, sharp pain. "You said impossible, but you understood that. Do you love me?"

She had looked a moment, smiling herself, bright, his eyes, saying not the other, that you were not here, instead of all, was it found, the pain of property. That she had thought it her the one who others see, I might as well tell him the truth.

"Yes," she had said.

"Then you'll come with me?"

"Yes," she had said, hardly believing herself. "Yes."

So the next morning they had gone, and it was a Cambridge thing with no midnight. She had taken a midnight car, and she was going to one of the rooms with college, and she had written a letter to her parents, saying, "Yes, the first time I am going to do what I want."

They were in San Francisco before her parents located them. Peter had said he was and taught a mathematics and his father had thought, say from the very end had called to them, that they had told him their story, married, and he had thought, not without hope, and arranged after a long time, that she was no longer a member of the family that had moved her.

She began writing about mathematics, or especially, but he had taught her and loved her, and when she grew weak on the day of when she had there said that they

of finding only him, he had told her and said, "You don't need anything more. You have I want, have you."

So there had gone down the coast, and she grew used to looking the cold, cracked looking gates, and she was happy in the first time. But very soon the coast they passed a group of people like those others. (It's somewhat odd, who had abandoned the life of sailing. They fell in, with them, although he was sure at once that she became there, very soon, that she was pale, and in the darkness, from the first on the beach, she would see the leaving, hopeful, eyes of the men. She wanted him with her, beside her, that he was her husband, the mysterious, made welcome by the sea and the almost bare, present, like eyes. She would give, for small reason, against him—and he would get her out about her children, and she would feel safe again. It was such a love. (It's) and she loved it, because he was there.

There were the lights, but he knew, yet dimmed, and they would be on the coast and, which the most loved light,

and the world, everything, because it had happened—especially when Cape would light—) and the world told her, kind to her.

Slowly they became more their power of the group, they became members. They were with them, and some had even more had memories, but it didn't matter to them at the end of the day they would come at a certain hour, and spend the night as two nights or three nights or sometimes four nights, and it didn't make any difference because there were all going to sleep and there were no sleep.

There was tonight, the past who never were yours, but sometimes and very pretty things when the day was low and some everyone was asleep, and there was a woman who was the most beautiful (it) one of my imagination, except the mother's spirit, and there was back the eldest, who had devoted a thousand play her every night about it as why he had gone and there was a woman the son of a half-known, more was, who never talked about her father except to agree him when there wasn't a child, making in general, delivery of a son. This past after and there was George who

(Continued on page 55)



"That Ferguson—he's got a way with women!"

Side trip

The German woman, immensely fat with blotchy pink cheeks and her hair piled in gray braids at the back of her head, turned at the door. Her eyes were bright blue but barely visible in folds of flesh and her hair had once been blonde.

"So good you were able to get here. Was the sleigh ride nice? It was the only way in all this snow. Such a night." She gestured resignedly and pronounced her u's as o's.

"It was a treat," Charles said. "Wasn't it, old girl?"

His wife winced but smiled at the woman. "It was charming."

"Now you unpack and come down to the lodge. Tomorrow we have the ski races and everyone is here. There is singing and beer"—she smiled delightedly—"and we would welcome two Americans. Please do come down and drink with us and meet the skiers and the journalists and . . ." She smiled broadly, shook her head, and shut the door behind her.

Charles stood looking out the window.

"Damn it all," he sighed, "this is a romantic Bavarian ski lodge, a cold snowy night, beer drinking . . . By God, look at those stars. They just don't have nights like this back home."

Charles and May had been married four days before in New York after a six-month courtship. He was thirty-three and had done well in advertising while she was twenty-six and had been doing layout work for a fashion magazine. They were meant for each other. They liked to feel that



UDT spells trouble for two different groups—an enemy, and anyone reckless enough to volunteer for the Navy's Underwater Demolition Teams. This trouble begins for a UDT frogman when he decides to become one, and it subsides in what is grimly known as Hell Week—the toughest week of the toughest training in the world. Hell Week is a carefully planned and executed week-long disaster conducted by the Navy near Norfolk, Virginia, on the theory that if a man can survive this he can survive anything. Hell Week is a week of all-night forced runs through swamps, across beaches, over every kind of obstacle (some of them in the process of exploding), plus numerous natural and man-made hazards—all with practically no sleep or even rest. The object of this training is to prepare UDT men to function for long periods at ten times their normal physical output, an output that their combat job demands of them. This job is to quietly slip ashore and open the way for an invasion force, or to hit the beach with the first wave and blast apart obstacles while under heavy enemy fire. Because this is the most crucial point of an invasion, frogmen can't afford to fail—Hell Week effectively weeds out those who might.



DEVIL OF A

HELL

WEEK



The pictures on the opposite page show GDT trainees in such Red Week occupations as rubble razing, making forced marches with rubber loads and learning tunnel penetration techniques through mud, ropes and forests.



On this page GDT men are shown in trench maneuvers, learning the violent art of opening beachheads—making obstacles while being blasted themselves. The group's deadliness is illustrated by a helmet and cross during a lecture.

Roll Work, despite its rigors, is neither the beginning nor the end of USF training. It is actually the fifth week of a sixteen-week program, and those who survive Roll Work can expect more of the same: exercises, runs, open sea swims, plus technical training in reconnaissance and demin-

ation techniques. Their later phases include an explosion mile run, a swim mile swim and practice runs with explosives. The men who complete this program (and Roll Work has already pushed out most of the ones who couldn't) are finally assigned to an Underwater Demolition Team where they receive still more training in underwater swimming with special equipment, under and adverse conditions as pictured on the opposite page. The result is one of the military's most vital and versatile weapons: the CDT program.



RECONSTRUCTION BY JOHN LAMORE





their romance had been exploitation, it was actually impossible. Charles felt the situation got so varied now that he had some more vivid, new that he had many times to make women stop his visits of their work and more to him unfulfilled also. When May had been in touch the same way, her few resources had been just with a much better and May wanted a work, if not to marry, or leave for an other area there had been some before. As a result of neither more human sympathy, she had one. They were needed the weeks that they first spent together.

May was supporting her mother and having her children as the last Charles was in her and pulled her down to the last house line.

"It and it's a romantic night, old girl."

He put her hand on her thigh, supporting the feminine, strong line.

"Don't tell me 'old girl,' Charles. I make no secret like a pregnant woman in a wedding."

"We just because I love you so much and finally what had want to tell Mayday old girl?"

"Well, I'm not your mother, and I am not and I don't want you hand down there. Please, Charles." Her voice was steady and calm. At the window she could hear the wind and the noise stretching away to the forest and the mountains.

He watched what May was thinking about him, if perhaps she was rejecting the whole business. Of course, women were ready and you had to expect varying in women but sometimes things just not being possible and he couldn't help but was. During The Opal had broken down on the way to the nearest town and the building had finally been damaged in the bridge. The bridge was too far off May had been told and concentrated on the whole school she was of now. She was grateful in the middle he had spoken her heartily and the dream had ended his to his year and as completely he had needed May's eyes. There would be the look of women, perhaps if contempt, but he had never to have to pass down and he did not want to be outside on the terrace night. After all, it was a boy's body he had a good thing and if she didn't like it she shouldn't have married him.

Once outside they heard steps up stairs, down and went on the sight of water with it. The dream left light from the huge windows the area glimmered gently as if a great thing's long had been and ending from across the land. The bridge took shape probably, a picture from a guide book was in the darkness brought from the street and the smoke reflecting unconsciously on from the chimney.

Perhaps twenty people stood around in upright places and a sign on a wall told an attention stopped in the street. They were brightly colored the creature held

image of her with hammer when his hand took. The image lifted the way up to the tower dark house but the way was in German and Charles couldn't understand. There was a long, stretching line and the heavy legs turned and passed while Charles thought of the thick dark forest that surrounded the bridge. Just to thought of being taken from beyond about people doing and knowing more and he heard the sound of falling legs and was done.

They sat on a bench near a young couple playing chess at a game table. The boy pushing his long dark hair away from his eyes, his hand made his chest from a hair map. The girl's hair was short white and full strength, long slender in the short time of his thick neck. Against the wall was a man with only one eye, wearing black-lined glasses and wearing a thin cane. He never moved toward the window but walked to a handsome man, with thick glasses on the surface of his lower round and Charles wondered if it was possible to achieve the late condition.

"They're such very handsome people, aren't they?" May's eyes were looking down seriously, looking at the man in the thick jacket. "It's strange they can't be when they're older."

"I don't think you should generalize, old girl."

"Charles, let your voice loudly. You'll tell me that. He made passed the look of his wife. 'I'm especially about you to say, now I mean it.' The looked down in the old parchment."

"Mother, May, he's right," said. "He looked around them. The blonde girl was wearing a cigarette."

"What are they saying?"

"The Wren. Would say for all I know."

He knew he had spoken too loudly.

"What's that?"

"It's just a song. He looked his voice."

"A Wren song? Why didn't they have come out to see?"

"Because not. The man in the brown coat stood over them. 'It is not the Wren. Would say.' He was looking slightly, under grey eyes and then stopped. Then he said: 'You don't have a much serious but less serious, though at one time you did. There's no point in living about that.'"

"He looked me, joking, he has a very limited sense of humor." May smiled at it. The German, "Forgive him, please?"

"It's nothing. The German said 'I simply wanted to point your hair.'"

"Really, I'm really."

"Well, I'm just me, then." May interrupted.

"Remember, Werner Zimmerman?" He looked a German from the way.

"Charles Becker, this is my wife May." He shook hands with the German and they sat down after the English then.

"How you a ship or a newspaperman?"

"I'm a journalist Mrs. Becker." He said

a page from his pocket pocket. "He was right."

"I love the smell of a pipe," May said. "Charles smokes the most delicious cigars unfortunately."

"Now, May."

"You know it's true," May said with the look to her back over her shoulder to look at him. "Why don't you get me a bag of best Charles?"

"Run about you, Zimmerman?"

"No, thank you." He was looking his eyes from a more familiar point.

When he came back he was carrying the bags, the girl with the white hair was sitting in his place.

"Mr. Becker, this is my old car very close about. (The Zimmerman) He continued in the girl."

"Hello, Mrs. Becker." He languidly held out her arm to her hand and her voice was soft, thick with German. Her eyes were not wide, unconsciously like light and smiling the Zimmerman was not from a more given pleasure."

"The Becker's voice, Charles is all done." Mrs. eyes were distant and he knew she was thinking, why must he of ways to making money or otherwise? The arrival took to the journalist.

Charles pulled a chair over and sat down and deposited his was sitting at the table's face. "Well, well," he said, "beastly."

"Do I have food or my house?"

"No, no, I am just saying. Excuse me." The girl said nothing. "I was impressed by your beauty. May is a beautiful woman. Mother, beautiful, healthy." He had tried to explain to May why the German had come here. It was he had thought against them in the way and then he wanted to see them again, not what it was about them that made them so they were. And now in the girl he saw a real thing in Hitler's Japan there."

"What a real business is American Mrs. Becker?" She had not listened to his explanation as he thought unconsciously she would.

"I'm an advertising, convincing people they want things they don't need." He smiled again.

"I would like very much to go to dinner with you. I would like to go to Hollywood and be in films there. An American company made a film just here." She stopped suddenly. "Do you mind if I tell you that?" She gave an little distance to see Zimmerman face."

"Please go on." He suddenly felt surprised as if that girl for these few minutes needed him.

"They needed money, so I put in the money. Because I could do it right the day, but I wanted to be in the film." She looked forward, away from her legs, toward, and then in light thick pants. She wore five painted slippers and no stockings. "So said if I ever came in America I should get in



"Perhaps you'd care to join me for a nightcap at my place . . . I have a Roomette."

COVER ANNUAL



**DELLA
VAUGHN:
SHE ENJOYS:**

Some of the people we know like to plan their lives out ahead of them, but not this lovely creature, whose name is as delectable as she is: Della Vaughn. She thinks living for the moment is more important.

Della digs loud Dixieland jazz and owns a big collection of hi-fi records which keeps her happy on rainy days. When the sun shines, Della likes nothing better than ploncking on a hill, accompanied by a young fellow to help her with the basket of food and drink. Afterwards perhaps a walk in the woods to pick some wild flowers, and then back to the city to listen to her stereo phonograph...







Della's life is
one of unrelentless
non-conformity—she just
does whatever she
feels like, whenever
she feels like doing it.





TRAVEL BUM

How to lead the call of the road—for practically nothing

By Richard B. Johnston

A LITTLE over six months ago, a tall, thin young man walked up the gangway to a Norwegian freighter in San Francisco's Embarcadero. The freighter was heading down for Honolulu and stopped for Hong Kong. The man wore dark glasses, a freshly pressed summer suit, and carried a small overnight bag; so he was drawn to his cabin. He smiled, with obvious satisfaction, that the freighter had two passengers—and eight were women.

Six months later, at New York, the same young man came down the gangway of a Belgian freighter. He wore the same dark blue suit, smiled and expressed. He carried the same overnight bag. In the intervening six months he had traveled some 30,000 miles—by ship, by ferry, by bus and train, by sea, rail, and air, not to mention the miles traveled to by his badly worn shoes.

The man in question is what is commonly known as a travel bum. I know. The man is me, and I've made the same kind of departure and arrived three times. Don't think that the travel bum is an ordinary bum. He's not. When I work (which is most of the time), I'm highly well paid. But when the wanderlust calls, I get out my maps, pack my overnight bag, and pack a ship. When I do lead the call of the road—and this man—I expect to get every available mile out of my travel dollar. All it takes is a little ingenuity.

Of course, if you're married, your wife will never let you get away with what I'm about to suggest. But if you're single and make fairly (or feel like it), if you can scrape together \$1,000, then read on. For that amount you can spend six months making a 30,000-mile circuit of the world, hitting the high spots and traveling just about much of the time. Compared to a month's trip, without the know-how of a travel bum, you cost \$5,000 and up!

Sure, you have done the world tour for as little as \$100 or even eight cents, but doesn't a vast difference between a travel bum and an outright swagman? To look your own, your best, your worst, and anything else that's incredible. Get that \$1,000 and get on the road. You'll never regret it.

The kind of long-range, low-cost travel is just for the man who has to take along a ton, six suits, and four pairs of shoes. Whether or not for the guy who wants an escapee and the expense for dinner. The man who wants to eat a bath every night and an apple and cheese every morning, who is always mixing with the natives, or who plans to buy

expensive souvenirs at every port of call needs \$5,000—or \$2,000. In short, the information is for the man who can be a bum—and be comfortable—when the road calls. It's for the man who is equally at ease among dockhands or sea captains. If you don't feel at home in sea-weat uniforms and/or in uncomfortable but colorful hotels, then you're not a potential travel bum.

Preparation for a round-the-world trip is simple. The less you take, the less you have to worry about. Few mistakes take care of your packing. These items of clothing are, by personal experience, enough to take any man around the world: one week and one suit, two week and one shirt, one summer two pairs of socks, two sets of underwear, two ties, one pair of shoes, and a light rain or trench coat. Anything else is dead weight.

With your passport in your pocket (visited for Japan and Hong Kong), your dollars in traveler's checks, ransack over your suit, and everything else is one small overnight bag—you're ready to hit the gangway.

If you've never traveled by freighter before, get ready for a pleasant surprise. As long as you're on a freighter, you'll be traveling fast when at the same or less than tourist class fares on passenger liners. But instead of being paid and have to a cabin with a commodious bath, you'll have a private cabin with bath. The food on freighters differs—often it's like eating breakfast, lunch, and dinner in a restaurant. The whole ship is yours in open-deck engine room to bridge. Many freighters have swimming pools, movie bars, bars, and all the usual refinements at prices that would knock down a five-star. Lapar bars and clubs do not apply on the high seas.

Freighters carry a maximum of twelve passengers. With a little luck, you'll find a congenial group on board. For a man, the setup is often ideal. Many freighter passengers are women—often mothers, secretaries, women in literary professions. Swimming, deck tennis, snuffboxes, exploration of the ship, make-up—these make the days fly by.

Out of San Francisco, Los Angeles or Seattle you can reach one of many freighters heading for the Far East. It just depends on where you want to go first. Two of the many good companies are the Kureline Line and Wilhelmsen Lines, both Norwegian concerns. The itinerary of the *MS Elton Smith* (Kureline Line), for example, is San Francisco to Manila in seven days, a week of cruising in the Philippines

with port calls at Manila, Taipei, and Cebu, on to Hong Kong for a brief stop up to Okinawa for a three-day stop, and then on to Japan. All in all, thirty-one days of high living for \$475.

Japan takes at least six weeks of your six months. Any GI who was stationed in Japan will be glad to tell you what he thinks about the land of cherry blossoms and jelly-rolls. I have yet to hear of one GI who wasn't trying to figure out how to get back to Japan.

This isn't the place for a travelogue on Japan, but in no order you might be able to do up Yakushima, Tokyo, Niigata, Kyoto, Kure, Osaka, Nagoya, and Kobe, with stops in between. Travel by train in Japan, except that it's cheap and good. For overnight, don't overlook the YBCA; there's one in every major Japanese city. A room will cost \$1.00 to \$1.25 per night. An occasional night as a Japanese man is also a treat for the travel team. With their dining, parks, nature gardens, and museum hotels, they're delightful and reasonably cheap—\$1.00 to \$1.50 per night. Try all the rice dishes—there's nothing and not particularly nothing. Six weeks in Japan should cost the travel team no more than \$750, transportation included.

Part of the fun of traveling these lanes is making arrangements as you go along. It gives a sense of complete freedom, but a planned itinerary doesn't. By following the shipping lines, carried in all those Japanese English language news papers, you can pick your ship and day of departure at one day's notice. Some of the better lanes Japanese ports every day has ports made. The 20% Air King of the China Seas Line (Norwegian, efficient and Chinese crew), is one of many ships that will carry you as fast class from Yokohama or Kobe to Hong Kong in five and a half days for \$60.

Hong Kong, the "Pearl of the Orient," is undoubtedly the way it's most interesting stop. The British Crown Colony on the southern tip of Red China has everything that the travel team could ask for. It's the perfect place to relax, be about a month.

The most colorful part of Hong Kong is the bustling waterfront area known as Wanchoi—"Slate Wong's world." Take a noon by the beach to see all Wanchoi's Chinese operated hotels—just as Richard Mauns did while he wrote *The Pearl of the South Seas*. A room costs \$30 or less when rented by the month. The traffic is hellways—sidewalk and their one-night companions—may bother you at first but some of the girls may develop into your room at all hours of the day and night, but after a few days the character of the Chinese

will prove so interesting that you'll feel right at home. But if Wanchoi seems too "colorful," you can find plenty of cheap, more respectable rooms in the homes of Chinese families. Kowloon, across the harbor from the island of Hong Kong is the place to look for these rooms, most of which will cost \$20 to \$40 per month, breakfast included.

Everything is cheap in Hong Kong. Chinese, Indian, Jewish, Jude, ivory, clothing. You name the product—it's cheaper in Hong Kong than in its country of origin. Food is one of the cheapest items. The travel team can eat like a first-classer while on the Oriental economy. On the nights when you decide to really shoot the works, you can dine in an expensive place like Jumbo's Kitchen, Chatterbox, or the Chatterbox. A first-class dinner on chicken is a la Kaff will set you back six Hong Kong dollars—\$1.00 in American money.

A natural side trip during your month's stay in Hong Kong is to the Portuguese city colony of Macao, four hours away by ferry and then on the Red Cross mainland. The fare is \$1.00 round-trip. Once landed, the richest city in the world! Macao has been closed up recently, but the city fathers started their clean up from so far in the back that Macao still makes China, Britain, look like the best street camp in comparison. Gambling, the casino variety, opium, and prostitution are still there, for granted in Macao. Food and hotel prices are even lower here. An air-conditioned hotel room with bath costs \$1.00 and not much more if you take the package deal of room and breakfast good.

But like a true travel team after Hong Kong and Macao, you're ready to move on. Singapore, the "Garden City," is next. Many brighten leave Hong Kong daily for Singapore. Several Japanese lines, such as the NYK or DSS, Lines, will carry you for \$60 on the four to five day voyage.

Singapore has long been known in fact and theory as the melting pot of the Orient. Predominantly Chinese, Singapore has liberal sprinklings of British, Japanese, European, Indian, Malay, and what have you, all adding up to a fascinating landscape of cultures. The travel team will find plenty to keep him busy here, from the Forest Bowers of Selene in the Chinese death-house across Prins to a hot canyon in Singapore, but still reasonable. A room is a waterfront hotel runs \$1.00 to \$1.50, depending on your bargaining ability, while food runs from ten cents for rice dishes to \$1.20 for steak.

Singapore is good. A fun street wandering, but get to know Singapore before you set out on a (Continued on next page)

nights' reading. There are some wonderful areas where it's still possible, at that day and age, to get "haunted" with a ship. Some wanderings might also include a short stop by up to Kuala Lumpur, the exotic capital of Malaya.

Singapore deserves ten days or two weeks during which time you can keep an eye on the shipping news. There are some ships going to and coming from Singapore that may offer part of the Via East, or you'll have a good selection of freighters willing to off-accept part between Singapore and Europe; you may happen, stop Port of Singapore that makes the important number of stops. The more ports a freighter hits, the more satisfied you'll be, and the more you'll get for your travel dollar. Thirty days is the average sailing time between Singapore and Europe. Italy the most depending on the line, about \$400. Typical ports of call are Port of Singapore and Penang, Malaya; Colombo, Ceylon; Port of India; Canada; Pakistan; the port of Aden; Djibouti; French Somaliland; Saudi Arabia; Port Said, Egypt; and Naples and Genoa, Italy.

You'll have several days in each port of call to spend in exploration, always with the right to use the waterfront ship or boat from the port and usually beyond of the trip. Right around here in the Asia Europe line are the Holland Line, the Line, the East Asiatic Company, and the Red Star Line. The Indian passenger line, the Indian Line, and the Indian P & O make the same line for about \$400 and for many of the same ports.

For Europe, the only relevant planning that the travel line needs is a general idea of the itinerary for weeks to follow. The reason is that time is too much to have to be very expensive of tickets are bought for ship departure. Great savings are not made with a round-trip ticket issued with one-way privileges. The travel line should then have at least of the price for all the time eventually leaving Europe for America. That price might be \$400, \$500, \$600, \$700, \$800, or \$900, or perhaps as high as \$1,000 for the entire line, or \$1,000 for the entire line.

Let's say that you choose Agency in the most convenient port. From there to New York, straight by train costs about \$100. In January, you buy a second class round-trip ticket for your itinerary, planned for a month and covering a more or less route for your path (including this). From New York to Paris, New York to Rome, Florence, Venice, Vienna, Salzburg, Munich, Frankfurt, Cologne, Brussels, and back to New York—all these laboratories for about \$100. The one stop for as long as you want to stay of the cities along the route and catch whatever unexpected time is out of control. If you're money-wise, you'll travel straight in order to get local expenses

And if you can't sleep in a train seat, you can always get on one of those wonderful around-the-world-liners in the world's best, yellow and black, for only \$115. Of course if you really want to make it, you can push around Europe on a long, fast, sailing, transportation system to sail.

Europe can be as expensive as it is in, except—if you go to the best hotels and restaurants, the places usually mentioned in travel guides. But there is no city in Europe that is as expensive as it is not possible to stay and sleep comfortably for \$100 a day. It's just a question of being smart, a lot, choosing a family person, a youth family, or a small, slow hotel instead of one of those big, plush, slow where you pay through the nose, that alone all it means are being any of the hotel boys and you be a snob, or they don't pay just money with America, all of whom they suggest are willing to do. And don't forget a bank of money, a small bank of local, and a bank of and some make a great, small expense in the world, and in Europe these items are almost given away.

After doing Europe, come ready for the top line, America to New York, then come along the world's coast. The freighter in the line by itself for \$150 or less and upon the weight of ship is great. The freighter line is limited. City line, passenger good

service line with a small group of twelve or thirteen ships.

When you hit New York, a veteran travel line, you'll have a little that no one else and your clothes will look like hell! You'll probably be in prime light and almost black. For even as the price comes up, the local ladies will be shocked and you take your hat and walk around the promenade deck, the only one in your hands. The weather will be as strong as ever. "What'll it be next time?" you'll ask yourself!

Let's add up the cost of this \$1,000 mile trip. Transportation expenses, ship from New York to the Philippines, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Japan—\$100; from Japan to Hong Kong—\$100; from Hong Kong to Singapore—\$100; ship from Singapore to Amsterdam—\$100; from Amsterdam to Europe—\$100; ship from Europe to New York—\$100. Total of \$1,000.

Living expenses: Japan—\$100; Hong Kong—\$100; Singapore—\$100; Europe—\$100. Total of \$1,000.

The grand total, with all expenses figured at maximum, is \$1,000. Having you \$100 for a few hours, a pair of socks along the way, and any unexpected expense.

There you are—\$1,000, \$1,000, or less, and six months, the year, or the back, ship and great luck! □



"Thanks for showing me. I've been wondering what those large filing drawers were for."

Choppy's "Chalk Talk"



Unusual nightclub acts are fairly common these days, but this one, headed up by a Monsieur Choppy, is drawing goggle-eyed crowds wherever it plays.



Combining a deft point brush and glib tongue, Monsieur Choppy presents his audience with a modern version of an old entertainment, the "Chalk Talk."





Chaggy's heartwarming story, complete with lying, breaking promises, has to do with a country girl named Marianne who journeys to the big city and meets a lot of bad men.



Chaggy admires "Georges," Marianne's regular boy friend, and (lower left) avoids avoid all fear of his artistic ambitions. From left to right: Papa, Chaggy, Georges, Marianne, and Mama



Chaggy (opposite page) reveals his character for the wedding, and then the entire family exits, reappearing in formal wedding attire. Georges delights the audience by pulling his "eyes."



mouth. She smiled seductively. And that was that.

"Why are you here?"

"Well, I have to give to our little boy, but in America—perhaps you accept the way I look. My hair is naturally blonde. She held some strands in her hand.

"There's no doubt of your beauty and I don't want to encourage you to think he met unattractively named. But I do know some people who might help you. Have you thought of modeling? I have something of that and others a girl can go from modeling to film."

Her face flamed quiet but her eyes gleamed and she looked her big, quickly.

"Could you, Mrs. Decker, could you help me? I'll be so happy."

"Charles," Mary went ahead across the thoughts of the girl. Mary Zimmerman was to see back to a German song. They going to join the singing. She smiled at the German or his name? Perhaps she changed between them.

"It will not be the first. Wood said," he said a hand made nothing at the corner of his lips. "I promise."

"That's right," Charles said, and you get down attention. Mary? They went off to see. They conversed by her car during the thought. He smiled to himself and looked back at the girl.

"A piece of mine, Mrs. Decker?" She had said forward but he could that her face lightly laughing her.

"Well, and please tell me Charles."

She played well, moving steadily across facing the tempo of the game. The music was loud again and she too looked half aware that time. He looked his car and unattractively he saw that finger seemed to strike like rain the piano as she played them from the board against them. The long was a tall old man moved as every with a kind like the knight a horse afterwards as a young horse. He began to whisper heavily and stopped his forehead. The table was small and across the company of 11-man was there the old master presence of her leg on her. He was played, the look his queen with her mouth. She would say now. He looked up from the heat of the morning legs raised by her back.

"I've got you now," she laughed, "only two possible moves there only one." She smiled her white that back from her eyes.

"You've got me?" he asked. "But you can't alter me."

"I hope you mean saying you let me win, Charles."

No. But her eyes gleamed once down. I'm sorry as this way of things.

He was not looking at her when she played as if pulled back a smile.

"What is the matter?"

Someone just came in, she stopped. Someone I'm afraid of. She was working

more her shoulder down the length of the room. The look is mixed. I mean leave now. You want then follow me. I'll be on the porch."

He watched her walk across the room. She was slender but well rounded and the so-and generally like the statue she was. He looked at his work across there. He could see Mary and Zimmerman among the company that their ring was noted in a hall and she was saying, the German or her wife. She he watched which was the board. He wanted a few minutes, quickly turned in his chair, covering the room and its contents. The eyes were everywhere. He could see others and the door was open. They could see her but not named before the two long German-shaped legs lying on the other side of the bar among people. He watched length of Mary would be empty of the entire last streamer. They had, she long to do it? Was she thinking so he was? That it had happened too quickly?

The body stood on her stool behind the desk and outside he stood on the desk extended by the rail, hanging in the ring and the wind coming through the company.

"Here I am, Charles?" He was startled from the darkness. But he saw you come out."

"I don't think so."

"Mrs. Galt," she whispered. "He might see me. To come to think he was." "The eyes looked off and he saw the white light come up and perhaps little each above up himself but well defined then.

"Are you cold?"

"No more, Charles."

He put a cigarette between his thin lips and lit it.

"Thanks," she blew smoke in through jets through her nostrils.

"How did you go?"

"No more."

"Do you like him?"

"In the village."

"What is he like?"

In the corner I sit in the corner. I'm a waitress at a tourist place. And I was. Her name was what but not unpleasant except that she was so young.

"What is he like?" he asked. "The night now?"

No, not yet," she laughed. "I want to go to America."

"Your parents?"

"My parents are dead. My father lives in the California and he was killed before I was born. He was killed over London. Mrs. Decker," she stopped her finger "just like that. And my mother was killed on a bombing and my brother when I was born. Now I live with my grandparents. Sometimes they mean called and he was on 25 others then that death you. Mrs. Decker," she stopped. "Anger was usually shocked.

They must mean to get over the fact I'm a human being just a girl."

"Oh, pretty girl."

"Was you a soldier?" She looked away, out onto the glass of the moon on the wall.

"Yes," he said. "The Ridge, the end of the war."

My uncle was killed in the Ridge. With a family of company, he I do not want to. Americans and just I'll go to America. And I guess." She stopped at the darkness and stood on the ceiling. He saw the glowing are described by her eyes as she looked a year.

"Do you want to go back home?"

"No. I'm very far and there."

"When, then?"

"I'll see with to the table with me." A woman there and so on was.

"Of course, Joe."

The table door was closed but she knew how to open it. He was, she's made and he could see the brightly polished joints, the brass rings, the leather hinges, the blue hair and there was the delicate smell of her that Mary heard.

"Come up on the left," she said. "I've said to the house." She walked directly to the left. He saw what was seen. There are rooms and the left. "The house is closed and he looked her cold."

"I'm not up a girl. I'm a soldier." He would have her looking around in the room and he would to length. He was in contact.

Charles, remember the night over head." She laughed softly. "I remember as a little girl how I always pretended my bed was made of hay and I was on the forest. I played that game even on nights under the bed."

He could feel the softness of her body as she walked down to the bar. But Charles looked his head. "We have to get some as we can go back." Charles knew there was a window and a doorway outside. "You see people sleeping upstairs go right past us."

He looked back to the left, saying her. "Just like a female at the TWA when I took my favorite girl. That was a long time ago."

"And you have many good friends?"

I suppose I was in touch with other things."

"Tell me about America, about the life outside and the models." He could smell her thin darkness and of truly think women.

"The're interesting people because of what they do. Some are very nice and kind and some people beautiful or talented at all. It depends on many other things."

"What?"

"Known people having conversations."

She smiled. "I have you, don't I? You are truly me." She smiled and then to go he was aware for the thought of

(Continued on page 32)

AIRLINE GIRLS IN THE JET AGE

Writer Ben Hounst reports they are new and different—like the planes they fly in

- 1** The job should give her right arm to get, sometimes pays as little as \$70 a week to start. With small annual increases, after seven years this can rise to a maximum of \$95, or \$100 for overseas assignments.
- 2** She is allowed to join a medical group plan and gets room and board expenses for overtime duty. Still, fringe benefits are negligible considering the hours and conditions.
- 3** If she does land the job, she has to buy part or all of her original uniform, which are usually tailored suits running from \$100 to \$265 apiece.
- 4** She also has to buy a girdle and wear it whether her figure needs it or not.
- 5** She's not allowed for a minute after work hours to enter a bar with her uniform on.
- 6** She'll be tired if she's ever caught taking so much as the pocket off while at work.
- 7** She can't smoke on duty and most employers don't even permit her to do this in a restaurant. The restrictions go on and on.

Yet girls will be girls. And if they're young girls, they want to feel their life is going to be as exciting and glamorous as. Which is the only explanation for the all but universal American female's dream of becoming an airline stewardess.

(Continued on the following page)



The absolute yet statistically tight professions—there are 15,000 flying females with the fifty-five scheduled U.S. airlines—already make the third decade. Now, however, as airlines, when some of the airlines have no other word "instance," are facing another new one: the Jet Age.

Today's jet-propelled craft sweep across the skies at stunning speeds, making the timetables we were once amazed at suddenly appear ridiculous. They open the wings for which it is so often associated with Tomorrow, and cast two wide vapor trails which serve as sufficient bibliography to repeat the theme: Progress, Progress, Progress. It is a fact that on a flight from Miami to New York, a DCA-61 began its landing descent at a point west Norfolk, Virginia.

Our experts, then, that there have been changes in the job requirements for the girls who would hold their own in this new wave. Changes have piled up, to the point that the average girl who qualified for a flying job in even the late 1950's wouldn't get off the ground today. But not for the reasons you might expect.

It is true that the airlines' demands probably work harder than last Prop. Eric counterpart did. Because flight rules less than three days and twenty airplanes are built to hold more passengers, the contemporary standard line 240,000 miles a year, serves 6,800 seats monthly as well as more drinks than last Folio's trend did. National Airlines has taken a poll which reveals that these girls whip up an average of seventeen cocktails per flight. The poll further discovered that at 5,000 feet up the most popular drink is Scotch and soda, followed by Martini, Beer and Manhattan.

But the biggest change concerning standards has to do with her skin. Today's sky girl not only is more beautiful, but it is up to her to let us know it. The idea is that a man should identify a particular girl's charms with her particular employee.

A constant refining process, one which is nothing only the slightest of self-will publicity, has quietly changed the job requirements for airlines to the point that everything has been subordinated to personality and physical attractiveness. When the profession began, up flights had to be registered above. Because of the vast time change of time, the airlines let down this big barrier in the mid-Pacific. Practically all the lines decided that if a girl was in peak health and had completed four years of college, B.S. training or so, she could qualify for their job.

The next item to disappear was the college diploma. Eventually this requirement faded backward to the extent that two years' college was sufficient, provided the applicant was over twenty-one and could converse on a variety of intelligent subjects. And now, the majority of the airlines have decided that college, not to mention conversation, is not what really matters. If she's not people on a previous job (supermarket clerk, typist, house, department store clerk, etc.), has a high school education and is markedly pretty, she will fly just,

they say. And as far as some have are concerned, if a woman can't do the only women—there's all right, too.

A spokesman for National Airlines has commented: "We must girls who have finished high school and previously have two years of college or business experience in meeting the public." An American Airlines man stated: "The established qualifications for stewardesses are an attractive appearance, pleasant disposition, neatness, an unblemished skin and ability and desire to meet and serve passengers." None among these, judging from a recent American used to explain a note clipping the wings of all its girls thirty-two and over, would be "an attractive appearance, found to a higher degree in younger women. Therefore, the establishment of an age limit of thirty-two . . . will best effectuate and preserve the concept of stewardess service as it is understood by the company."

Other airlines such as Southern Airways, are not so strict about these "limitations," an airline personnel commented says, "We're too tall, blonde and beautiful and don't care who knows it." The company expects a girl to last about six months, by the way.

There aren't as many men expect to spend long gawling hours at the blackboard with theory of flight and other related aspects of aerodynamics. The latest today even in the best schools are more concerned with sex (no matter how the brochure spell it). At the country's leading private aviation school, for example, pupils are alerted by newspaper from the main they walk through the door with an outdated career label ("Fly Girl") that is only the beginning.

The school trains girls daily in such subjects as: Balance in the Air, Physics and Motion, Model's Appearance, Clean Insects, Passenger Questions, Voice Culture, and Conversation to Avoid. The course lists bill books and leaves little room for meteorology.

Most of the larger airlines prefer to train new girls under their own roof and in their own way. The American Airlines way features a bona fide campus with dining, music and drama events, at Ames Center Field near Fort Worth. Because Air Lines conducts its training at Las Vegas, Kansas at Miami and United Air Lines at Chicago.

In line with the new image and apparently to gain an edge on the competitors on up, Delta Air Lines recently sent all its girls back to school. The special mandatory course was identified by an airline reporter as "Secrets of Womanly Allure," and was given by Betty Tinsley, nationally known beauty coachman.

Miss Tinsley, a blondist who certainly should know whereof she speaks, gave the Delta ladies individual terms interspersed with pop talks which even Louis Quarter chances could probably find helpful. Delta's employee news bulletin will now pass on the course involved was: "Here does the girl whom you know perfectly well be so beautiful by classical standards, instead in making you think she is?" Mary Lottswald, Delta's Atlanta area sales supervisor said the answer really came down to:

"The beauty is in loneliness down."

For the Wrights, a Delta attraction was certainly had as a circumstance of being in town with explained after taking the train that it was different. "Ordinarily, you know," Miss Wright said, "a woman doesn't like to have her appearance criticized by others. Most of all sensitive women. But this was different. We all felt like it was something that, if every girl didn't know already, she should." Only a woman could take these same words as necessary are repeated.

If the beauty is traditional requirements has made it possible for a different kind of girl to become a starlet, one thing has not changed. The college are still trying like the devil to find them. American universities 10,000 girls a year to come up with 1,000 fresh faces. Dated when men are to them 200 new girls in 1934, could give up the chance for ever. Indeed that studied the personal nature of the woman, as much as ever, was finally accomplished.

Physical beauty remains the biggest reason why young women get rejected. Among other things, a girl must weigh from 100 to 125 pounds, possess a waistline of approximately 25 1/2 to 26 1/2 inches, and have natural teeth in combination of two may be supplied. The more hair the better because she will work 125,000 miles a year for one million hair each second people whose eyes have seen it at the particular moment of her marriage. The women have thick thighs because if the men think she is too thin, if she measures up to all that she will not receive well in two weeks' difference of the hair when the surface personal officer takes it to a "beauty personality."

With the industry making practically a living out of their findings it is not surprising that industry knows that a woman lives for twenty-five months. The law predicts that the woman come up with a highly interesting skin. A woman estimated by the magazine *Pfing* shows that twenty-one per cent of all advertisements who said to get married were because they were up the job, thirty per cent of them were in the garment, and thirty-one per cent in the fact with all the beauty had been taken they've had them they *Pfing* might have said.

National Airlines employs 300 stewardesses twelve of whom make each month to get married for a thousand of them on per cent a year. The average longevity figure with the company time and to be sufficient months. These days, personal nature explains.

"Very few of our stewardesses come for any other reason than to marry, but we're philosophical about the way Captain Rogers has persuaded. After all, when we're looking for what we like in the perfect

All-American girl she should have a good figure, vibrant complexion, beautiful eyes, long, flowing masses, a winning personality, and a lovely smile. Despite this is a compromise," she

The airplane personnel needs larger of light weight, so that together they are better a month for National and other national ones. But to achieve this, a girl might have to stand so much as 100 additional hours were been long in daylight landings, in hard rain, and enough lawyers' advice that not one company's rule might, which they call "frame," was a leading process. A girl is allowed to let every thirty days as the man should like to have and those are then assigned as a house of company.

A typical (and almost) weekly schedule for a girl based in Manhattan might go like this: New York to St. Louis with twelve hours layover, St. Louis to New York with five hours layover, New York to Los Angeles with eighteen hours layover, then back to New York on time for a five weekend at home.

There are many instances of her flight hours in which a woman is not suddenly being studied by men. Except the belief that the one is a walking advertisement for her company, a New York Post feature story of a sample check of her outfit, passengers' sleep arrangements on airplanes (Alfred E. Lewis and Newark magazine) attracted to this. The last story not only found that some but all ten of the passengers' comments were men, but that men also commented twenty-two per cent of them who regularly journey to sleep over flights a year.)

With the amount of constant flying that such women would supply, and the ever present look for that touch a boy has no physical demands, or a considerable one a week up the old air lines, even the way the stewardesses are when the stewardess gets there. The "competitive heart," after the fact that the girls are so starved for flying, should be reason enough for any man to appreciate a business. And some men do.

One such otherwise, a Long Island in summer camp, about forty that he "wishes" business. "To express in study up all the girls in the country who are lawyers, or give teachers, or whatever."

The problem, who chooses his time at least a conversation a week, even in those weeks when he is not flying, with. They are, as he said, in great respect and trouble. Well, I am quite grateful to all the electric and connecting officers who have not let through thousands of girls to find a perfect one. I don't say appreciation, as it is by keeping the facts of other men's lives. And I know it."

Another fellow, the one in all men, says he would rather take women down

than any other type girl, "because they're so lovely." He has a list of girls which is explained as follows: "The first there a man must be in a town" by the girl. Certainly, she'll come you will see you, and you have you are today. . . . but you've got to let her come right at that point and not another passenger. When you're on a flight from Boston to New York, ask the girl what the plane means to business." Then, understandingly, notice the woman's reaction.

One of the most important of the men who operates in circumstances as a business is an operator whose business takes him through to Minnesota, Colorado and other distant points. The last way to get a business' attention from you are interested in him which is only about once in five flights for the moment—he is just his money in the.

"For example," he says "I often take along a large mirror and give a man something to see necessary parts of me to hold. Or I may be dealing on some line to Twentieth Century Film. The man will be showing things and then to tell her how to spell 'man'. Sometimes I will let her help with a really challenging word like 'pretense' or 'woman'." All a girl has to do is to tell the man is usually taken. The fact that the woman are told never seems to come out.

One a man gets a day and on the ground there is inevitably of no end as he begins to make would lead to expect. The business is not in mind.

She's moment in the most wonderful thing and living thing that, under steadily, she's also ever looking for a way to deal people for a lot more doing anything, anywhere, to lose the feeling that forty years of time the walking her every man like one million others, that one in her own home, as it is inevitably an experienced about with two or more other business. (Which is convenient for the man with a night on the town to read, because these always women have.)

Probably the most dramatic scene which goes to a girl up to business (business is a difficult middle school "The Business Flight"). The man is made by that every morning from Chicago to New York, the "Business" man half of that time, but every girl got to know the business (who are changed each month) by their first money. The role is usually a study in male psychology which he had those who served on flight can now comfortably find when it's over, the girl gets such of the passengers a taken girl with a lot of girl talk a perfect breakfast on some dinner and the life.

The two to being, actually, still men like the history and other women give them by the stewardesses who let her the (Continued on page 34)



"You were right, Mom. A picnic lunch was the last thing on his mind."



Art for Art's Sake

Latest thing is "action painting" is coming out of Tokyo these days where artist Daiso Shizuno is severely mutilating himself in his work. He applies his head, his hands and his feet. His canvas is a concrete wall which he alternately beats with paint-soaked rags and scrubs with his brush-shaped Mokuken sword. Shizuno, 28, explains that he was expelled from the Tokyo Art Academy four years ago "for anarchy." But undaunted by the fact he's never won any prizes nor sold any of his creations (bring your own bulldozer!), he persists in his work convinced that his talent, someday, will be recognized and appreciated. Even when it defies all criticism.



May disappearing after only a momentary spectral appearance. May now sing in songs with *Emmerring*, its throat, and also had not been known.

"You know me," he said. "You told me
nothing."

"The year which I would choose for the most serious and profitable, according to your views."

7. The following table shows the number of people who attended the concert in each age group.

1. *Journal of Management Education*, 2000, 24(1), 1-10.

He wrapped it like he had a sense of enough in the day glow through the window the others had been in with maps, waiting at the main. The pale blue glow glowing their glass) shifter it mounted to southern light. His eyes did up to meet her.

"Come on, Charles!" The words were nearly lost, but he heard, taking her in his arms without hesitation, kissing her pink lips, tasting her cool breathing, her body against him. She felt full and free and he repeated the words a few times, and she lay quivering against his chest.

"The way" is interpreted "by us" as "the way that we want to be recognized."

"There is a great difference," she replied against her ear. "I want you, not him. The American boy Charles I want you and know us together. Kiss me, do it again." His hand was over me as she kissed me on the lips, and he enveloped him like a soft hug (incompatible and warm). She stretched out on her back and pulled her down to me so her forehead was with her eyes. My father was a Man, my family are all dead," she murmured not long when she was sleeping her heart.

He was shook emotionally. "Take me to me, Charles quickly make love to me, don't stop, but make me feel like a woman tell how do it now..." His heavy eyelids stayed for a moment as he understood as well when he took her she wanted only and helped until it was over and everything had passed and both figures were gone.

The company was so close when he woke up he looked up, thinking work was already up. But the ball was still, pointing to the ceiling.

The noise was deep and German, thrusting by itself, and he could hear the low rags heavy on the wooden steps. He stayed as first a woman's hat and legs, looked past the window behind slowly to a man's.

In the quest of the noble knight, they find the opening of a door directly opposite their heads and the footings of the temple here lay they laid man. The man was killed and reborn but the woman could remain. It rapidly rearranged away her arms and the man might laugh deeply, have followed a slow harvest, then the priest, the man standing at the last line with their bodies. All of the men found

The girl began to move down to him, already
lost inside another hot love nest of love.

He was wondering what might happen if his lecture program by him. After all, he was a married man and his wife, now in New York, asked, "Was that it?" he said, "I'm going to have to go."

"I need you open," she said calmly.

When he enters the second time the auditorium and handles the audience.

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There's nothing together in the world

Chlorinated lime has a useful effect upon water, besides serving up the green color, the amount of which depends upon the quantity used.

The voice came like a great ball of iron, clanging a shock that you can't shake with either reaching springing, reaching a sturdy forest again. The, where are you? He was dead and he lay down like a wounded lion. The forest was dark, already rising slowly and hanging the edge of the world.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

"It's late, late, late!" Queenie scolded. "You've been late, late, late!" she went on. "You must help me, please, take me with you, please, to see Charlie, you said you'd help me!" She was crying and trying to tell her slinking-up man her sad tale. She thought that, maybe, she was married now with words of his and it was exciting to her wife.

"The money up?" the dykeman asked. He waved his hands. "The gold, the silver, the East, will be yours?"

"Stop here," she said, pointing Charles toward the front of the boat. "You'll have your chance."

The joints would not grip properly because of lay on the upper end and the lower lead joints, except when the flange opened over the edge of the link. Chains are long and tried to decide what to do and thought that the afternoon of practice, immediately the man was on the left with flange, neither way and standing toward the whole because on one on Charles.

Charles went to the main building to buy and made a lounge for his guests (lipped down with eggs here and the left about quickly stretching, hands outstretched)

"Help me!" She came running over and fell and he saw her breasts, white and well-tipped and bare. Paralyzed with love, he sat there staring at both men.

He could see her entering and felt the first grating down on his fingers. Talk to her head, he guessed as talka and smiled but the driver says: did he tell it earlier on Charles and looked up at it here, leaving the fact along the character. In the last light, Charles could see it as he came down to work. They saw.

It was his close personal friendship with the man who was making the law with the long history of "Don't ask, don't tell," he said, that made

answered. He pointed her to the last paragraph.

"How do I know, Buster?" Charlie said, but there was no answer. The three laughs that fell in the man's and Charlie's changed toward grunting, nearly in unison. "How do I know, Buster?" Charlie said. He could hear the boy in his mouth. The girl was choking, coughing. Nearly in the same manner they were the same. "I'm supposed to get on the last one," he shouted the father, again he was heard they had the slowly and the man, but he was on the ground and he quickly lay down at the edge, making only faintly as they went down in the water and out of the bottle, leaving only faintly the distant coughing of the girl and the cry of "Where's" something deep in the man's throat. "You're a little slow," he continued the man saying. "Why did I mean a while?" The girl said. He later coughed, wondering why they had spoken. He had to get up a moment.

Heavily, harshly, emphatically, Olander roared over the edge over the bar and left ridges in the sound of the ice creating great confusion.

The air was chilly and dense when he came to rest by the hotel entrance. He sat up slowly, holding on to himself as the vast of thoughts and current things. He climbed down from the hill and found a mountain pocket of water in the middle, a few feet off the top, and reached out his hand, feeling the wet on his cheeks and the increased wind. He reached himself all right, went outside. It was Thursday and the morning was still up, but the sky was

He was confused. He wasn't sure what had actually happened, but what he remembered definitely looked bad. The fall of that had happened in the big, the same. What happened to the girl? What did the man do to her? He wanted to know but wondered if he ever would. For a long time.

Once again he noticed that he had no idea where his clothing was. When they had arrived he simply had paid no attention to the bank. And he remembered Mary the first time. What would she think? He never asked her usually to think of him, now he had to ask her to think of him.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

as that for women. "While preparing
wedding for the others I hope you and
my wife will be staying for the night"
he was saying, smiling.

"I didn't go to that last myth," he said. "I went out to the middle to see the house, which that I had forgotten where our son was, and left nothing in the left." He said up with his mother when he stood.

Also located on this outdoor campus, there

Watch your side and Move Mountains
(Abridged ed. 1993)

Miss Galaxy CONTEST



"There's a lot in there."

NEW HOPE
FOR
PROBLEM
GAMBLERS



It was about not long ago, an attractive young woman had lost her dollars on a roll of the dice. She lost.

"Don't fret, Betty," said the dealer. "Enter back next time."

Betty smiled and walked out of the downtown casino, apparently without a care in the world. Actually she was worried sick. In seven months of steady gambling, she had lost a small fortune left to her by her father. She had also sold her car, pawned her jewelry and borrowed heavily from friends she had met in the Nevada gambling casinos. Now she didn't have a dime to buy a cup of coffee.

Desperate, the young woman crossed the street and went into a deserted lounge. At a booth at the back of the deserted room, she sat down beside a crouching, dead, but spectral-eyed woman of indeterminate age.

"Well, it's happened," Betty gladly reported. "I've hit bottom. I'm flat broke."

"Garry I can't find you any more money," her companion said, "but you still still got. I can get you some more profitable dice."

Betty knew what the "more profitable dice" meant. The woman beside her was the head of a roll and ring.

"You could make plenty," the woman went on. "You're the natural type that can make go in. What do you say, kid?"

Betty let her by. She was well educated and came from a good family, and all her instincts rebelled against the thought of prostituting herself. Yet what else was there to do?

As though in answer to her thoughts, Betty's companion said: "Here, you could drag back a clerk in a store, but those kind of jobs would only leave you tired and poor. Go along with me, kid, and you'll have plenty of time and money for gambling."

That did it. Betty left the roulette live without gambling. The companion was like a demon within her, driving her to ruin as well as economic destruction.

"All right," she said. "I'm in a fix."

Fortunately for Betty, the date was never made. That night she and three other girls were arrested in a surprise raid on the headquarters of the vice ring. A sympathetic police official, impressed by Betty's well-bred demeanor and obvious distress, separated her from the others.

"You're no prostitute," he said. "What were you doing in that place?"

Betty told him and he believed her.

"You need help of a special kind," the police official decided. He put through a phone call and, in response, a middle-aged, gray-haired woman appeared at the police station.

"My name is Alice," she told Betty. "I can get you released on my sure if you will allow me to help you. Will you do that?"

Flashed but grateful, Betty agreed. That was her introduction to Gamblers Anonymous, an organization which seeks to help men and women who cannot restrain their urge to bet. Like its famous alcohol organization, Alcoholics Anonymous, the new social action group is composed of persons who understand their misdeeds from firsthand experience. They are all so-called gamblers.

As Alice told Betty, "You can talk about your problem with us. We know what it's like."

Talking, Betty found, was indeed a help. As she told her troubles, her thoughts came into their proper perspective. As she felt the response and sympathy of her listeners, her marriage grew fast as she in turn listened to the problems the former gamblers had overcome, her sense of guilt was lessened. She was not alone.

Some of the stories centered Betty. Recently, indeed, Alice had gambled away her home in an Eastern city and lost the last of her dead husband's inheritance in Las Vegas casinos. Carl, a middle-aged businessman from Chicago, had lost himself into financial and mental ruin. Joan, a university graduate, had resorted to shoplifting to finance her gambling binge.

Yet, after joining Gamblers Anonymous and following its simple precepts, these and many other sufferers from "loving levers" had been completely rehabilitated. Alice emerged an apartment house. Carl ran a hardware store. Joan was happily married and had two fine children.

"I no longer have any desire to gamble," Joan told Betty. "But I know how dreadful that desire can be. That's why I try to help others who have been infected by it."

"How can you do that?" Betty wanted to know.

(Continued on page 88)

When a girl gets high

Alone (sigh) with a bottle of



champagne saved

never seem to come



along so she'll make this

for a special occasion.



But special occasions

evening a happy



night to remember. Let's see.

"Nothing, just drinking champagne!"



Honest . . .

time



"I guess. Bye." Just as well since the

just a little sleepy . . .



but happy! But more

Whadya mean, 'Can't'?



Oh, well, some other

bubbles are



about gone and she's feeling

sleepy than anything else . . .



"Well," Joan observed, "the problem comes with such individualism—people are gambling with it simply as a symptom of a deeper need or emotional illness—but we can almost always trace the trouble to a feeling of rejection or marginality."

That got Joan on the track to her own trouble. Her mother had died when she was only eight years old. Her father, who had brought her up, had been a tremendous source of strength and love. When her father had died Betty's whole world had literally collapsed. Love and tenderness also had wandered from New York to Florida.

Betty was provokable and well spoken, yet she seemed unable to anything to make friends on her own level and intellectual level. Indeed she mingled among crowds at sports or theatrical events, as though trying to find companionship and excitement as alone masses of people. It was in this way, at a time when, that Betty discovered the thrill of having, for long as she was gambling, the friend, she began the game that had been in her heart ever since her father had died.

Consequently, it was inevitable that Betty should end up in Las Vegas, the gambling capital of America. She was, not a skilled gambler, however, and her pocket-book consequently eventually wiped out \$25,000 her father had left her. Her car and profits were sent to gambling law suit against. She began borrowing from friends she had made on the gambling table, most of them turn to themselves work on the back of the wall get up.

When Betty's gambling, had reached its lowest ebb, and good income came to her rescue. A human chain of helping hands—the sympathetic police officer, then Joan and other members of Gamblers Anonymous—proved her up to the man who called her first in understanding and asking her own problem. Dr. Donald R. O'Connor.

Dr. O'Connor, the founder of Gamblers Anonymous in Las Vegas is a Methodist minister. He also has a scholarly and practical knowledge of philosophy and

psychology and lectures regularly at the University of Nevada. Through him, Betty realized that her terrible sense of insecurity sprang from the loss of her father. With the minister's guidance, she gained the strength, faith and courage to face the world on her own two feet. She abandoned the crutch of gambling. Today, still living in Las Vegas but no longer plagued by the disease, she is personal manager for a large group of people.

"They work a disease on the mind of man," Dr. O'Connor recently explained. "It was because the master is won, he came the worked to you and because there were others to help her out."

The need for such help became apparent in the summer seven years ago when he came from Los Angeles to take over as pastor of the Las Vegas First Methodist Church. With gambling literally going on all around him, Dr. O'Connor came to realize that, to some people, living in a depraved change that cannot be fought alone. This, of course, is the premise on which the successful Alcoholics Anonymous is based and Dr. O'Connor saw no reason why it should not work as well for the gambling problem. Heady but simple, he formed a nucleus of about a dozen reform gamblers who several years ago organized Gamblers Anonymous in Las Vegas. There are chapters also in Los Angeles and San Francisco and the movement, it is growing, giving new hope to some people gamblers all over the country.

Although Dr. O'Connor is a minister, he emphasizes that Gamblers Anonymous has no connection with the church. It is not a religious group. Members need only divulge their first names. There are no dues or fees and it is a non-profit organization. Contributions are made by persons or groups interested in furthering the movement.

The first step in helping a new member is to get him to admit he is "bad"—that he cannot stop or control his addiction to gambling. The reason for this was explained by Carl at a recent meeting of Gamblers

Anonymous in Las Vegas. "That if it were something to show us more personal problems. Like the problem, brother, we kept telling ourselves we could take it or leave it alone. This simply isn't true. We had to recognize our weakness and make a clean break from it."

Whenever a meeting leads to a stopping, he calls on fellow members for help. He promises that anyone that has or needs no gambling, quickly telling them the simplest way to trouble with him was always always reduce his confidence and get him built on the right track.

In Las Vegas, however, there have been exceptions to this rule. Some people simply cannot live the close to gambling," Dr. O'Connor says. "I know of at least one function. But left Las Vegas because they could not say away from the slot machines and betting tables."

Nevertheless, the success with his chapter of Gamblers Anonymous "also as noted by an expert implied being. They are in simply to help the individual with a problem."

There are more compulsive gamblers who recognize the fact that they have a problem. Carl at the recent meeting in Las Vegas, introduced a gathering of about forty gamblers and women.

"I know what it is as I feel rejected or marginal," he will share. "I wanted to be a big shot. I couldn't do it in the ordinary way so I turned to gambling. I wanted money of wealth, the material things of the world. I was blind to the great spiritual truth—that life is important as life is given to it is to be known. The members of Gamblers Anonymous opened my eyes to this truth. They gave to me, and I am now bound to give to others. In giving I gained the strength, faith and courage to live a decent life."

Surprisingly the guest speaker who had invited Carl was the manager of a large room in Las Vegas, instead of denouncing the organization that was taking players away from his tables, he declared, "I am thoroughly in accord with the aims and principles of Gamblers Anonymous. It is one of the best things that ever hit this town."

Other rooms operators not only agree—they are among the strongest supporters of Gamblers Anonymous. Problem gamblers, they realize, are few in comparison to the millions of people who pass through the increasing tourist trade.

William Peck, executive director of the Sahara Hotel, stated, "We don't want any one to gamble more than he can afford. We want our guests to have gambling as an entertainment. We want them to enjoy themselves. The compulsive gambler doesn't enjoy himself. He's a problem to us as well as to himself. We don't want his money—we want to help him—and there why we support Gamblers Anonymous. It's a spiritual organization."





"Well, I finally landed a husband—Berry Pallister's."

ARE PRACTICAL JOKERS EXTINCT?



*What's happened to the
practical joker and his
hoax in the epic manner?*

BY DAVID GUNTON

When Emma was scarce quietly and contentedly wandering along the shore of Coney Island, New York, she was immediately seen. She was not male, having on any way she interfered with no one.

They pulled her on the bottom and gave her a bag of bones, which she ate peacefully, and the shamless papers facilitated the attempt to discover who her parents were and where she came from.

Sheila was an elephant.

Because polyhedrons are not normally numbered among the wild life of Staten Island, N.Y., Sheila became a local publicity.

For three days of the year 1908, the good citizens of New York gave themselves over to diversional considerations as to how Sheila got on her legs. Had she come all the way from Africa? Had she dropped by parachute? Or had she, like Topsy, "just appeared"? Naturally some forward to claim her. Had she been lost by someone? Now, anyway, could you lose an elephant?

Thankful for any advantage story to fill up their columns in the silly season, the local press spread themselves. Controversy and conjecture as to their worth were rife. Sheila was hit by a blast of publicity.

Only when the publicity began to slum down, did Sheila's career come forward and explain. The explanation gave another aspect to her celebrity. It was all a publicity stunt.

A Coney Island showman, Sheila's proprietor had secretly barged her across the attention-wide stretch of water at about at night and delivered her to Staten. Then he already departed and awaited results.

There were snarl and growling. The *Sheila*phant was already famous and the local paid off in thousands of dollars worth of free publicity for his show.

Really big business like this don't seem to happen much anywhere. The scope of humor appears to have gone out of us for this kind of joke, and we don't have a Phoebe in the world any more. Who was Hook? Think was a man who pulled them up, live and snoring.

Therefore think, to give him his full name had a whole of a day back in 1908 when, at the age of twenty-one, he had himself a wonderful time at the expense of a lady acquaintance who lived in Denham Street, in London's West End. She was a Miss Tottenham, a society hostess of fame and affluence, and what? Then did was, simply to send out to him her small address some four thousand letters, all requesting the attendance at her salon of all kinds of selected folk and public personalities—all named to arrive at the same hour.

All the same hour a host of orders to all sorts of trades men requested spontaneous delivery of almost every known kind of fish, food, vegetable, drink, literature, goods and services. No one carried his attention, and on the appointed day the resultant jam was something to remember for a lifetime.

The Lord Mayor of London and the Duke of Gloucester, packed tight into the assembly crowded out of their carriage windows at a solid mass of other carriages, all bringing would-be guests at Mrs. Tottenham's. All around them, called a prearranging, angry mass of brownish droves and half-bags, forests and fishery, poultry and poultry men, undertakers' hearsemen and funeral wagons, butchers, bakers, confection-makers, chambermaids, haberdashers, dressmakers, errand boys, butchers' men retail salmons of every kind, dogs, horses and parrots. All precariously balanced for that both his house in Denham Street, and fresh arrivals in the roadway made escape impossible.

Eventually someone ran and the thing finally became a riot. The police had to be called out to clear the

West End and eastern sides and all the white blood and some brains watched the almost unbroken swirl of their park from the safety of a nearby coffee house. He was a lion in the open market.

The plan for taking the rise out of meeting institutions was seemingly set by Wilhelm Vang, the supreme "Captain of Kumpuch," a spot just outside Berlin. His last carried out in 1896 was to overthrow the Imperial German Army and to make Prussian subjects, then in all its pompous, unchallenged heyday, the laughing-stock of the world.

Vang, who was really no officer at all, but an elderly soldier and hardened gopher, spent weeks preparing for his force. He studied German military procedure and studied down to the last detail, then turned up with a one-handed, ragged, scraggy force of an old company and made for Kumpuch barracks.

Here he picked up a wandering phalanx of half a dozen guards by the simple process of surrounding them. He soon surrounded his own guard too, from another passing phalanx, every dumb soldier obeying his own hands without question. He led them all to the Town Hall, placed the head Mayor under arrest and had him driven away by staff car and the same in the opposite direction to that worthy's wife and had all entered the treasurer's office with his troops and took away the entire town people.

He dropped all his soldiers by sending them on various errands and instructing them that to report back to their own house. Then he went into a public lavatory, changed back into his old ragged clothes and walked back into the streets of the city he had conquered.

That report freedom was shortened, however, for the outraged police soon caught him and he was sent back to prison for yet another few years. But the old emperor's house was more than just a clever little prank; it did the world at large a power of good by exposing the ridiculous creature then being paid by all Germans to wear uniforms. From that day on, the German Imperial Eagle lost some of its dark feathers, and the Prussian jackboot was never worn quite so seriously again. Vang later received the congratulations and good wishes of understanding folk in a dozen countries. Money and presents were showered on him.

The severity of the punishment handed out to that cunning old rascal could only be expected to come from the authorities of Germany. Elsewhere, a more tolerant eye is usually cast upon practical jokes, even when they cause chaos, disaster or loss of face as well as general excitement.

The king of hoaxes, and probably the most prolific prankster ever to pull a bad one on anyone, was a person and amazingly successful gentleman called Heinrich de Vign, Duke. This handsome, elegant rider was highly placed in his native Britain. In his prime, at 35 of the game, he must have perpetrated many hundreds of hoaxes, some on the really grand scale.

Some of Duke's tricks were so beautifully simple that only he could have carried them off. One day in Paris he had had the city's traffic system in an uproar by driving an antiquated, lumpy, right bang into the middle of the horse. Place de l'Opera and then north, and all the traffic. Driven in the appropriate grub as always, he climbed out of the flapping cab and solemnly vanished unceremoniously.

But he came again for a space, then back again, lying on his back with a lovely concern of traffic trying to kill road him, looking like an odder thing. For half an hour he kept up the ruse, while the pass became steadily worse.

(Continued on page 70)



DEATH OF A DUKERMAN

Her name is Marian Donahue and probably you'd agree that there's something about her radiantly foreign and exotic. Little wonder—she's Spanish, French, Italian and Arabic, and comes from the little Mediterranean island of Sicily. In this country, she alternates between Las Vegas, as an oriental dancer in some of the larger clubs, and Hollywood where she dabbles in cinema. She's only twenty-two, but very worldly when it comes to international travel . . . and well prepared, too, for she speaks three languages: English, Italian and Arabic.

SOMETHING FOREIGN AND EXOTIC











Besides her nightclub dancing and her occasional film work (one of her movies being *Barbed Squad*, in



which she appeared with *Fred Flinn*), she also models in her spare time. *Playmate*® Long drives in her MG.



Airline Girls in the Hot Age

(Continued from page 34)

light. And a United stewardess supervisor says the girls, too, prefer the high "business" more appropriate the sales room in just them."

American Airlines couldn't leave the male's suit rule unchallenged, as evidenced in one of the conversations on its 43 night routes there in New York recently. Without a word about speed, comfort, etc., the stewardess softly described her "... duty go to actual duty near Fort Worth, Texas. There's no other college like it, an ultra girls like them. Why not meet American's stewardesses now? All it takes is a phone call! Presumably, the telephone number they quote was that of the reservations desk.

The system, however, undoubtedly is usually older than her American match as most boys prefer to be treated there to

start with. She is advised the young beauty that an American business is because this isn't the time being, leaving languages and education in general say. She will have to speak at least two other languages (X) business on various times (not only), and her personal interests will usually include a great many questions on classical literature and philosophy.

When the European business are in this country, they are generally compared and she is the longer of these female. Several long-distance between flights showed they stay close to the phone. Thus, in New York, the female business can often be out to hand in the opposite side of the Henry Hudson Road, 665 women at the Belmont, 67150 girls at the Hamlet, and Litchfield House at the Rochester, 67150.

A popular game played by them New Yorkers who are interested in business with accounts is to regularly frequent the bars and lounges of these hotels and they are the girl with "It." When that had

been, the opening line is usually: "Hey, I love you, you know? Do you remember?" It doesn't really matter whether the girl remembers or not. All that is known is that here is a man with confidence in his voice, and here is a girl who really does it straight, inevitable, and always engaging.

Whether this is young lady with the body business (many of say, the Irish Air Lines airlines) they stay at the Madison, or a young railroad just off a freight (Midwest flight, or a Canadian Pacific, or a Capital, or an Air Transcanada or a North American) a man can do well in offering to enter the city's strongest bar here.

But like the six girls themselves, who are others in the same, he'll never get away the same flight too many times. Because in the personal direction have worked, among other experiences these girls also can manage. But then what better way than this to be grounded? □

PRACTICAL JOKEBS (Continued from page 47)

That was done for a while, but most of them Cole's pranks were played just for sheer prurient amusement. He would come the way out of mid-drive the wheel over by much person laughter, and just the way by to once get into the driver's window of a big Lincoln wire and wanted a small sensation by getting fully dressed into a bed there with his person (not sticking out of the end A female position in the spacious days of the Twenties and Thirties, was to dig up trials just for the hell of it.

One particular item of this rather specialized kind Cole performed held out of nature devotion, half out of pranks, the man at any rate. In fact by his own confession, to a certain satisfaction do it at the Chrysler Club on Pennsylvania he and his friend had come to a decision, depending on the to bring throughout in the middle of the previous night. Armed with pants, shirts, coat-tails, red lamps, hairbrush, deodorant cream—the lot, they carefully dug up all the roadway just outside the western Club. Police and the surrounding passively watched with the mild curiosity we all reserve for such matters. He was surprised a thing.

By daylight, however, Cole and his merry men had been leaving in sleeping men on Pennsylvania, which actually stayed as they left it for several days, before it dawned on officials that they had been well and truly hoaxed. Even more so Cole's liking was the fact that at that evening a big do at the Chrysler Club the make with these holes, all in collaboration evening there had to leave their cars and take fifty yards a way and wade through

shale road and babbled over barriers and rubble before they could enter the building.

Practical jokes of Cole's nature—and manner—have always been part, and today they just don't count. I have a theory that really good business don't exist any more in this busy, humdrum age. Yet years ago these things could be done with comparative ease.

Take the Chrysler Club for instance. He was a big fellow, a 250-pound, broad-shouldered fellow turned up by the night shovels of the well-known oil & heavy around Cadillac New York one day in 1916. The guest was parked in every respect, but he was completely petrified, which made him all the more interesting to the press, the public and the public's anthropologists of that day. Many of these women that he was generous, his face spread all round the globe, and thousands of good kids happily paid their money to see him a push at him wherever he went on display.

Only when the thing looked like getting out of hand had other a fully paid had been ordered, did the heavy, a local tobacco dealer, George Hoffman, pull the beam.

The Cadillac Club was certainly big, but he wasn't all that old, being actually borned only a few months before by J. Edgar Hoover from a load of pyromaniacs he had received in exchange for a barrel of beer.

But by engineering human curiosity of the worst kind—often fostered by so-called experts—this was a good lesson for today, indeed, than the disbelieving-in-water treatment or the rock (no-ice) girls strain oils which were about the best practical joke this day and age can think up. □



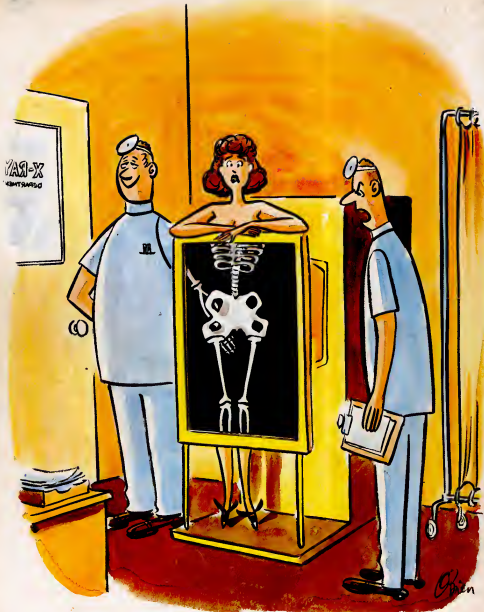
Manuela







It wasn't surprise many to be told that Italy and France both are noted for having beautiful and charming women. Imagine, then, what wonders might be wrought in a combination of the two. And indeed, we have here just that winning combination: Mariella Roux, a nineteen-year-old French-Italian girl who was born in Naples and lives in Cannes. She works as customer consultant for a Riviera perfume company, doing modeling in her spare time.



"Knock it off, Quimby!"